

While The Children Played

by Wishful Thinker

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Title: While the Children Played Author: Wishful Thinker Email: starlight32@Juno.com Authors Notes: When I wrote this I really needed some prozac, so be warned.

The sun shone down throughout the clear blue sky and into the queen's chamber. Her face was paler than normal underneath the royal paint, and her eyes were dulled despite the good weather.

Below the large window children played games Amidala remembered her peers playing while she studied during her youth. It seemed like lifetimes ago, but it had only been a few years. She wondered if her own children were playing games right now, or if they were studying like she had.

Then she remembered that fateful night nearly four years ago.

Obi-Wan had taken the children that night, for their own safety. Amidala had agreed that it was for the best, but it still hurt just as bad. He had never told her where they were, the fewer people who knew, the better. He had said they were with friends, but whether that meant her friends or his she wasn't sure. Sometimes she wondered if they were together, but she doubted it.

She wondered what they looked like, and what they acted like. But she knew she'd never find out. Her children didn't even know she existed, and she couldn't risk trying to find them.

Amidala knew Obi-Wan had done everything he could to hide them from Darth Vader and Darth Sideous. What chance did she have? But still, her mind had begun to wonder, lately more than ever, about where they

had ended up. She briefly realized that this must be what Shmi had felt when her only son had been taken away forever. Never knowing was sometimes worse than knowing something bad.

There was a noise behind her and she immediately knew who it was. She had been waiting for him to come. Somehow he had found out that she had given birth to his child, and he was here to claim it. Luckily he only thought she had one child.

Turning around, Amidala faced the monster that had once been her husband. Seeing him now, she subconsciously hoped this moment would be burned into his memory. The man standing before her now deserved to be haunted by her memory.

Later that day, the queen's handmaidens found her. Her lifeless body was found next to her favorite window. The setting sun cast a red haze on her disturbingly still features.

Below, the children were being called inside by their parents one by one.

The End

End
file.